

Morgantown Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect—Devoted to News, Literature, Agriculture, and sound Morality.

S. SEIGFRIED, Editor and Proprietor.
S. SEIGFRIED, Jr., Assistant Editor.

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TERMS:

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POETICAL.

The following beautiful and impressive lines were written by Rev. E. YATES REESE, the editor of the Methodist Protestant, published at Baltimore, who will be long remembered by many of the citizens of Morgantown, for the able ministrations and pleasant intercourse during the sitting of the M. P. Conference in this city, in Sept. last. They were written in memory of his brother, Rev. Richard Reese, whose recent and lamented death has created in the Methodist Protestant Church a vacuum which cannot be filled.

MY BROTHER.

O! it is hard to school the heart
To bear, with uncomplaining trust,
The weight of grief, whose dart
That strikes some loved one down to dust!
Yet like the dew to wither flowers—
Like whispered blessing from above—
Come to me, in my lone hours,
Memories of departed love.

The dead is not the same!
The while I trace a relic o'er,
Sigh follows sigh, and anguish sore,
And throbs my heart with anguish sore,
As when, o'erburdened and oppressed,
I stood the lonely bedside;
And, in my desolate state,
Gaze on the face that died.

Died—in the flush of early years;
Died—with a heart full of armor;
Died—wherefore these blighting tears,
For faintest who glory gone?
O, 'twas a halcyon career,
And bright memory was his close;
And shall I droop in bitter tears,
O'er such a dead and deep repose?

Meekly, but gently, he trod
The path of our Lord before;
His path was his God,
The standard the cross he bore!
Triumphantly outspread,
To catch men's wandering eye,
And pointing to his head,
Led on to glorious victory!

He fell, a hero here falls!
He fell, a hero here falls!
He fell, on Zion's walls,
He fell, on his battle blade!
With a heart and glance of love;
With a soul at his call
And a triumphant soul above!

Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!
Be hush'd! Be hush'd!

Saviour! on thy breast
Recline my weary brow,
How to thy behest,
How hath dealt this wondrous blow.
Murmur—every sigh,
His endless bliss to share,
Sighing with the hosts on high,
The dear departed there!

Oh, Summer! oh, Summer!
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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. "Weekly Chronicle."

The Jew and his Dying Daughter.

Traveling lately through the Western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly-respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his countenance. He was well dressed, his countenance was noble, though it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the clergyman fixed his eyes steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him: "Sir, am I correct, am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The substance of his narrative was as follows:—

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love, she was surrounded by beauty as with a mantle; but her cultivated mind and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinsel decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder then, that a devoted father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew of no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated his daughter in the strictest principles of his religion, and she had become a devoted Jewess.

It was not long ago, that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was eating in the core of her vitals. The father hung upon the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with her cold hand: "My father do you love me?" "My daughter, you know I love you; that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!" "But, father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?"

"But, my dearest father, do you love me?" "The father could not answer; the child added, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me. You have been the fondest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?"

"My dearest child, ask what you will, though it may take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS of Nazareth!"

The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him, and now my father do not deny me; I beg that you will never speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a testament that tells of him; and I pray you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love that was formerly mine!"

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full, even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, and I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honored, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure him a New Testament.—This he read: and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb.

Reciprocal Sympathy.

Half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, while a little past Bishopston, a lady in a coach noticed a little boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him a seat, and she should pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy what his object was in coming there. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well.

Twenty years after this, the coachman returning from Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road, near Bishopston, a sea captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, as if fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her.

Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopston, the passengers were scattering about except the captain and the old lady, who remained in the coach. The old lady thanked him for his kindly feelings, as she was unable to pay for her seat. He said he had always sympathized with weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place; when a tender-hearted old lady ordered the coachman to take him up and paid for his seat.

"Well do I remember that incident," said she, "I am that lady, but my lot in life has changed. I was then independent—now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with £25 per annum till your death."—*Ladies' Journal.*

Further Subversion of Caste.

The last India mail brought intelligence of that heathen land. The occasion of the commotion was the admission of the Pariahs into the Government University of Madras, who have been degraded as outcasts for centuries among the Hindoos.—The object in admitting them, was their preparation to more advantageous service in the medical department.

The intolerance of the Brahmins was roused to the highest pitch. They remonstrated against the pollution, and threatened severely. A few withdrew from the College, others brought on themselves expulsion by their refractory conduct. But the firmness with which these demands against the Pariahs was resisted, finally secured the victory. And thus has another, and by no means the weakest of Hindoo prejudices, received a death wound.

The Brahmin, to whom the sight of the Pariah was intolerable profanation, now receives instruction with the object of his former disgust and tyranny on the same bench, even in the Institution where the opinions of the Hindoos are treated with the greatest tenderness. They who know the nature of the iron bigotry of caste, only can judge properly of the victory.

A Bombay journal remarks thus: "At one period of our rule, an innovation of this kind—so daring—would have excited one universal commotion throughout the land; and even now, it is regarded with great dissatisfaction by the Brahmin caste. Their glory, however, is departed, and the base and obscure degradation to which those no less base and no less idolatrous, obscure worshippers of idols, would fain condemn their fellows, the Pariahs, to continue to suffer as they have done for centuries, is in a fair way of being swept away from the face of the earth, and the equality of man asserted, no matter what his condition."

The Stray Lamb Recovered.
As one of the early Wesleyan ministers was riding by a farm-house, he saw a young woman whom he knew to be a backslider. Driving to the door, and fixing a look of sympathy upon her, he asked her if she had seen a stray lamb pass. She replied she had not. "Are you quite sure," said he, "that there has been no poor lost lamb here?" "I am quite sure," she replied. "And yet," continued he, "there has been one here."

The true meaning of the minister suddenly broke upon her mind. She burst into tears, confessed that she was the stray lamb, and promised to renew her devotion to her Shepherd. She afterwards became a devout Christian.

The Kossuth Hat.
A New York correspondent of the Inquirer says: "A few days since, the bucks of Broadway adopted the Kossuth hat, black feather and all, and the newly introduced chapau added very much to the life of Broadway. The bucks of the Bowery are not to be outdone, and they, too, have adopted the Kossuth hat, but have improved it by substituting, in the place of the black ostrich plume, three turkey tail feathers. The turkey feather is by no means a bad looking ornament, and I don't know but, prejudice aside, the turkey tails would be voted the best looking."

From the Tennessee Baptist.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE YOUNG MEN.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Have no very intimate friends.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character above all things else.
Never listen to loose or infidel conversation.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any kind of game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear you may not be able to withstand it.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Never speak evil of any one.
Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.
Always go to meeting when you can.
Read some portion of the Bible every day.
Often think of death, and your accountability to God.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week. (Saturday night.)

Perils to the Users of Tobacco.

We have known fearful consequences from the use of tobacco among our acquaintances,—such as injury to vision, prostration of the physical system, vertigo and epilepsy,—and among these, two prominent gentlemen of this city; but an English paper brought by the steamer Niagara, gives one of the most frightful reports of the consequences of its use, that has ever fallen under our notice. It is as follows:—"A leading medical practitioner at Brighton," it states, "has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking; which came under his knowledge within the last six months." Have we not great reason to believe that many of the apoplexies occurring in this country, are from the same cause?

The Boston Olive Branch has the following remarks in regard to its use, which we suppose would engage the serious attention of parents.

"Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, softening and weakening the marrow bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy."

One of our most eminent physicians suffered some years ago so seriously from vertigo, brought on by the use of tobacco, that it quite embarrassed him in the discharge of his professional duties, and we received from him important instruction in regard to its injurious consequences. One among the venerable members of the Bar of this city, gave us an account of the almost entire ruin of his health from it, and that since the abandonment of it—which cost him a prodigious struggle—his health has recovered its former vigor. Instances of this kind, no doubt, might be found exceedingly numerous, were any to take the pains to call for them. If, however, there was nothing of this frightful character connected with the use of the weed, the filthiness of the practice is sufficient alone to require its utter abolition. It stands very nearly allied to drinking, and is a great lure to intemperance.—*N. Y. Baptist Register.*

Jenny Lind.

On the eve of giving her farewell concerts in New York, this charming vocalist received intelligence of the death of her mother. The painful bereavement brought to a close all her arrangements, and she will not in all probability, sing again in this country. It is said that she will return immediately to Europe.

Fearful Result of a Practical Joke.

We have received information from authentic sources, of a shocking occurrence in the Female Seminary at Washington, Pa. It appears that several young ladies, wishing to have some fun, undertook to convert the shortest of their number into a gigantic apparition. A broom was firmly bound or splined to the young lady's person, in such a manner that it projected two or three feet above her head. A pillow tied around the middle, and arranged in such a manner as to offer a rude representation of a head and shoulders, was fastened to the end of the broom. Drapery was then carefully arranged to make the figure complete. The pretended apparition, followed by her companions, started to try the effect of her contrivance. They entered the room of a young lady, who was sitting with her back toward the door. The apparition stepped forward and leaned over the chair; the young lady hearing a noise immediately behind her, suddenly threw back her head. The moment she saw the strange object, her upturned eyes became immovably fixed, and she remained motionless. The others soon saw that something was the matter, and attempted to rouse her. They succeeded in a short time, but the change from unconscious stupor was to raving madness.

We were informed last evening that the unfortunate girl was much better, and hopes were entertained that she would soon recover her reason; she has, however, suffered a great deal. Her incoherent ravings showed that the horrid specter created in her imagination by a momentary glance, still haunted her.

The only defense offered by the culprits is that they did not intend to frighten anybody, but thought that their rule making would excite laughter only. On the other hand, it appears that a similar trick was played at the Green Hill Seminary, in Washington county, about six months ago, and that a lady was so frightened that she took sick and was confined to her bed for three weeks. Our readers will remember still another practical joke of the same kind, with the same fearful results, at a Female Seminary in New York. We are informed that the principal of the Washington Seminary had mentioned these cases to her pupils, and had solemnly warned them against such foolish and criminal tricks. Ignorance of the fearful risk of the experiment cannot therefore be offered as an excuse.—*Pittsburg Conn. Journal.*

Cheap Newspapers.

"Cheap and good," has a very attractive sound, and is in almost every case, what is gained in reduction of price, is somewhere lost in quality. To make an article really good, there must be good material and good workmanship; and these always command a fair price. This is as true in regard to newspapers as anything else. It is therefore as impossible to make a really good newspaper at a very low price, as it is to make good furniture. There must, in the nature of things, be poor material and the absence of superior talent, for both of these command fair prices.

Of all instances of doubtful economy practised by very many persons, we think that the choice of a paper for family reading because it offers itself to public favor on the mere claim of cheapness. What are fifty cents, or a dollar a year, compared to the moral and intellectual well-being of a whole family? Here, if anywhere, one would think that quality should be the first consideration; for cheapness may prove the most fatal economy.

THE COW TREE.—On the north-side of a rock on the mountains of Venezuela, grows a tree with a dry leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year, its leaves are not moistened by a shower, its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time the blacks, and natives are seen coming from all parts provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock. It is named the *palo de vaca*, or cow tree.

Kossuth and his Policy.—The Washington Union, alluding to Kossuth and his policy, says: "We have from the first avowed our cordial sympathy with the cause which he represents, and our disapprobation of the policy which has oppressed his country and made him an exile. In our judgment, the government of the United States has in form, alike proper and signal, done just the same thing."

The Sandwich Islands.—The people of these Islands desire to receive the rights and protection accorded to American citizens. The area of the group is 6,500 square miles, capable of supporting tenfold its present population of 80,641; 61,000,000 worth of American merchandise is annually consumed. Its American permanent population is about 1,000, possessing valuable sugar and coffee plantations. The floating American population touching at these islands annually, is about 15,000 seamen and voyagers from some 400 vessels.

Value of Slaves.

Last Saturday, twenty-one slaves, belonging to the estate of Wm. Pendleton, consisting of old and young men, women, and children, and not regarded as above ordinary, were sold in this place at the average price of \$553. One negro man, without a trade, sold for \$1028; a woman with a child ten months old, sold for \$690; and a girl aged eleven years, for \$600.—These we understand, are about the rates at which slaves have been selling, for some weeks, in this market.

Negro men are hiring on the public works at from \$120 to \$150 a year. It was predicted that the passage of the Compromise measures would have the effect of cheapening if not rendering valueless, this species of property. Behold the result.—*Lyndeburg Virginia.*

THE NEW KING OF SIAM.

Mr. J. H. Chandler of the Baptist mission at Bangkok, who is now in this country to obtain means to restore the presses and buildings lately consumed by fire, writes, "I received letters last evening from Siam, which speak encouragingly of the present state of things in that country.—Mr. Jones is availing himself of the press of the American Missionary Association to reprint some of our tracts. The people are more eager than ever to obtain books."

"The new king of Siam has rejected the idolatrous titles of his predecessors, and adopted one similar to European monarchs. The judges have a regular salary and fees are abolished. His majesty has invited some of the missionary ladies to visit the place, and instruct his ladies in English. It is also rumored that as soon as the affairs of the new administration are settled, the king designs to erect a college edifice within the walls of the palace, and call upon the missionaries to become the teachers."

Barnum's Museum Burned.

At Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening of last week, the magnificent structure on the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, occupied by Barnum's Museum, and the Astronomical Salon, was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time the whole building was in flames. The fine collection of curiosities were all destroyed. The building belonged to Wm. M. Swain, Esq., and was valued at \$60,000—insurance 30,000.—Mr. Spooner, who had recently purchased the Museum from Barnum, estimates his loss at \$30,000.

A pious man suggests an extra sermon to be furnished outside the city churches, for the coachmen who stand waiting in front.

Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is the heaviest tax-payer in Ohio. His bill for the past year, for both city and county is nearly \$17,500—\$12,000 of which is on city property.

Mr. Smead, the Cincinnati banker, who gave one thousand dollars to Kossuth, gave five thousand dollars on Christmas day to the widows and orphans of Cincinnati.

Jenny Lind's last concert in America is announced to take place in New York on the 12th of January. Blessings brighten as they take their flight.

There are sixty-five cities and towns in the United States, the population of each of which, by the census of 1850, is over 100,000.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS Book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start,
With quivering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past
This was our family tree;
My mother loved it to the last,
And dying gave it to me.

She said to me, "your father's gone,
And left me here with you;
But now you see I must go home,
My dearest child adieu!

This volume you may now receive,
In token of my love;
By its instructions ever live,
And dwell with me above."

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names this "Bible" bears;
Who round the heartstone used to close,
After the evening prayers;

And talked of what the pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though now they sleep among the dead,
With me they're living still.

My father read this holy book,
While we would sit and hear;
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who taught us God to fear.

Her angel-face I see it yet!
What thronging memories come;
Our little group seems to me met
In the old room at home.

The dearest book man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
If friends are false still thou art true,
My counsel and my guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

HUMOROUS.

The Pig Used Up.

A travelling correspondent of Fraser's Magazine writes from Cincinnati, and thus describes the economy by which the hog is used up:

What Crocodiles were in Egypt, what cows are in Bengal, or storks in Holland, pigs are here, with this trifling difference—their sacredness of character lasts but as long as their mortal coil; and this is abbreviated without ceremony, and from the most worldly motives. In life the pig is true—is humored; he ranges the streets; he reposes in the thoroughfares; he walks between your horse's legs or your own; he is every where respected; but let the thread of his existence be severed, and, shade of Mahomet what a change! They think in Cincinnati of nothing but making the most of him. How many of his kind perish annually to cement the vast prosperity of this city, cannot be told. About fifteen years ago, when it contained only one fifth of its existing population, a few bold speculators began the trade. Selecting the hams and the sides of the animal, they made pickled pork; of the rest they took small account: soon however, the Idea occurred to one more acute than his fellows, that the heads and feet, nay even the spine and vertebrae, might be turned to account. Trotters and cheeks had their parts in the market. About this time the makers of sausages caught the inspiration; they found these luxuries saleable; and so many pigs were to be slaughtered that the butchers were willing to do it for nothing, that is to say, for the requisite of the entrails and offal alone.

The next step was due to the genius of France. A Frenchman established a brush manufactory; and created a market for the bristles; but his ingenuity was outdone by one of his countrymen, who soon after arrived. This man was determined, it seems, to share the spoil; and, thinking nothing else left, collected the fine hair or wool, washed, dried, and curled it, and stuffed mattresses with it; but he was mistaken in thinking nothing else left, yet little was done with the hair, and all was lost.

They threw away. Mistaken men again! this refuse was the substance of stearine candles, and made a fortune for the discoverer of the secret. Lastly came one who could press chemistry into the service of mammon; he saw the blood of countless swine flowing through the gutters of the city; it was all that was left of them; but it went to his heart to see it thrown away; he pondered long, and collecting the stream into reservoirs, made prussiate of potash from it by the ton. The pig was used up.

Non-Intercourse.

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Independent, relates the following incident, which may illustrate the old proverb—"Many a true word is spoken in jest." He says that a gentleman on a visit there, while the resolution respecting the reception of Kossuth was under discussion, being anxious to listen to the debates, opened, very coolly, one of the doors to the Senate, and was about to pass in, when the door-keeper asked, Are you a privileged member? What do you mean by such a man? asked the stranger. The reply was, a Governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister. The stranger said, I am a minister. From what court or country, if you please? asked the official. (Very gravely pointing up)—From the Court of Heaven, sir. To this our door-keeper waggishly remarked, "This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power!"

Ireland.—Rev. Alexander King says of Ireland, "Short as the time is since O'Connell's death, a mighty change has come over the spirit of Ireland since his day; and if suitable efforts be now made for the spread of truth in this poor land, the name of Ireland may soon again be honorable among the nations."

English Paupers.—We see it stated that the Board of Guardians of a parish in England are considering whether it would not be cheaper to transport a thousand paupers in a lump to America, than continue to maintain them where they are.

Roger Williams.—Southey, in "Life and Correspondence," says: "The true champion of religious liberty in America was Roger Williams, the first consistent advocate for it in that country, and perhaps the first in any one. I hold his memory in veneration."

Our Minister at Paris, Mr. Rives, has not yet recognized the Dictator Government of Ham Napoleon. Mr. Rives' conduct meets with the commendation of all our people.

The Scientific American says: "The Kossuth Hat, with the little black feather, was all the rage on New Year's Day.—There was a perfect sea of plumes in the street. Well, out of fashion with the hard shells, as soon as possible."

It is said that a terrible and singular disease has just broken out in Galicia, Poland, which defies all the efforts of the medical faculty to explain or cure. It is an epidemic, and has received the name of the "sleeping fever."

Churches in San Francisco.—In San Francisco there are eleven churches where Protestant worship is regularly attended.

WINTER.

By R. L. BROWN.

It is fast burying herself in the snow,
And round my dwelling doth moaningly
Blow,
And all are bare, and their outstretching
Arms,
In to mourn for lost beauty deprived of her
Charm.

Summer's sweetness has gone, and her beauty
Must fade,
Bold Winter now rules with his forces arrayed;
Though Summer is gone may the speed her re-
turn,
And the sweet flowers of Spring may we quick-
ly discern.

Proud Winter shall soon have his sceptre to give
To that fairer princess, where the lily
Shall live,
And the grass shall then grow, and the lovely
Rose bloom,
And the flowers shall emerge from a cold snowy
Tomb.

Oh! Summer shall reign, what a glorious tho't!
But in the midst of our pleasures it is forgot
That in a bright world where our Maker doth
Reign,
Always sweet Summer, and none will com-
plain.

Our Saviour is there—his presence and love,
And we all labor to meet him above;
Oh! you who read this examine your heart,
And you are called be prepared to depart.
—*Dec. 1851.*